To kiſſe her buriall ; ſhould I goe to Church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enroabe the roaring water with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd vvould make me ſad ?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeare :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sala. Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.

Sal. Not in love neither : then let us ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry ; and twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*;
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time :
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a Pagpiper.
And other of ſuch Vineger aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the jeſt be laughable.

Enter *Baſſanio*, *Lorenſo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sala. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now vvith better company.

Salan. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deare in my regard.
I take it your owne buſineſſe calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good ſignors both, when
You grow exceeding ſtrange : muſt
Sal. Weele make our leyſures to
Ex

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince yo
We two will leave you, but at dinn
I pray you have in minde vvhere vv

Baſſ. I vvill not faile you.

Gra. You looke not vvell ſignio
You have too much reſpect upon th
They looſe it that doe buy it with m
Beleeve me you are mervellouſly ch

Ant. I hold the vvorld but as th
A ſtage, vvhere every man muſt pla
And mine a ſad one.

Grat. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old w
And let my liver rather heate vvith
Then my heart coole vvith mortify
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alabla
Sleepe when he vvakes ? and creep
By being peeviſh ? I tell thee vvh
I love thee, and tis my love that ſpe
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſag
Doe creame and mantle like a ſtan
And doe a wilfull ſtilneſſe entertai
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opi
Of vviſdome, gravitie, profound c
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir Oracl
And when I ope my lips, let no do
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of th
That therefore onely are reputed w
For ſaying nothing ; when I am v
If they ſhould ſpeake, would alm
Which hearing them would call t
Ile tell thee more of this another t
But fiſh not with this melancholy